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DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



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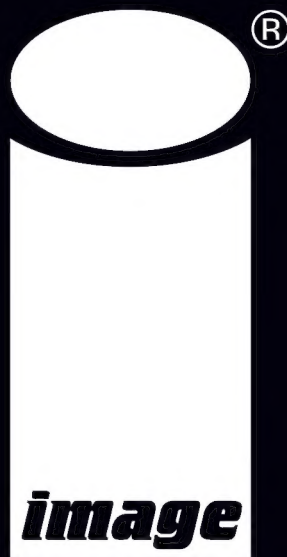
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...AND POLICE IN QUEENS STILL HAVE NO COMMENT ON THE DEATHS THERE OF TWO F.B.I. AGENTS LAST WEEK.

IN NEW YORK'S BOWERY, MEANWHILE, THERE HAVE BEEN REPORTS OF GANG-RELATED COMBAT AGAINST A COSTUMED META-BEING. A MELEE INVOLVING POLICE DETECTIVES, A GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE, A TECHNO-AUGMENTED MERCENARY, AND THIS PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN HERO WAS OBSERVED BY LOCAL NEWS CREWS. BIOLUMINESCENT GRAPHITI WAS THEN DISCOVERED IDENTIFYING THE NEW-COMER AS "SPAWN." POLICE BELIEVE HE MAY BE LINKED WITH THE VIGILANTE MURDERS OF KNOWN CRIME LORDS SEVERAL MONTHS AGO.



WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T RATINGS WAR TIME IN THE BROADCAST NEWS INDUSTRY, WHAT TIME *IS* IT? NEW YORK CITY, HQ TO RADIO AND TELEVISION AND THE HOME OF BROADWAY, HAS NOW PREMIERED A PERFORMANCE OF ANOTHER KIND. THE BIG APPLE IS NOW PLAYING HOST TO THE MOST OUTLANDISH SCENES OF CARNAGE THIS SIDE OF BOSNIA--IF YOU BELIEVE THE NEWS FOLKS. WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU MIX CYBORG WARRIORS, THE F.B.I., THE C.I.A. AND THE COPS-- *PLUS* A MAGICAL VIGILANTE--FIGHTING ALL OVER TOWN? *DOUBLE DIGIT NIELSENS!* AND THEY DISMISS *MY* CHANNEL AS LOWBROW INFOTAINMENT!



EITHER *HELL* HAS FROZEN OVER OR IT'S FINALLY *MY* TURN TO SEE SOME JUSTICE IN THIS WORLD. THERE'S NOW APPEARED A COSTUMED DO-GOODER *I* CAN BELIEVE IN. IF HE IS THE VIGILANTE--AND HE'S DEFINITELY SHOWING ENOUGH BRASS-- THEN *GOD BLESS* THIS SPAWN, WHOEVER HE IS. WE'VE *NEEDED* SOMEONE TO STAND UP AND CLEAR OUR CITY OF ALL THE SMUG SELF-INTERESTED FILTH. MIX EQUAL DOSES OF MOB-BASHING AND GOVERNMENT-SMASHING AND YOU'VE GOT *MY KIND OF HERO*. SO, SPAWN, WHOEVER YOU ARE, *WHATEVER* YOU ARE, IF YOU CAN HEAR THIS...

"...I'M WITH
YOU, BUDDY,
ALL THE WAY!"

IN THE DANK RECESSES OF
THE SPRAWLING CITY OF
NEW YORK-- SPECIFICALLY,
THE **BOWERY**-- THE NIGHT
PEOPLE TEND TO THEIR
RITUALS.

GATHERED AROUND A MAKESHIFT
HEATER, THE SMALL GROUP OF
DERELICTS ARE IN A RATHER
FESTIVE MOOD. THEIR TERRITORY HAS
BEEN UNMISTAKABLY **MARKED**.

THE TAGGING IDENTIFIES THEIR
RESIDENT MESSIAH: **SPAWN**.

Y'KNOW, IT
STILL GETS MY
GOAT THAT
BROOKLYN LOST
THE DODGERS.

DIDN'T MIND
THEM STINKIN'
GIANTS GOIN' TO
FRISCO, THOUGH.

BUT THE
DODGERS...
JEEZ! THAT
BROKE MY
HEART.

GIVE IT A
REST, WILBUR.
IT'S BEEN OVER
35 YEARS. THE
DODGERS **AIN'T**
COMING BACK.

I BET
YOU'RE STILL
SORE ABOUT THE
RED SOX SELLING
BABE RUTH TO
THE YANKEES,
TOO.

NOW
DON'T GET
ME GOIN'
ON **THAT**
ONE!

HEY PAUL,
YOU AIN'T
LEAVING US,
ARE YOU?

DON'T'CHA
WORRY, WILBUR, I
JUST HAD ME MY
FULL, IS ALL.

TIME TO
MAKE THE OLD
BLADDER
GLADDER!

I SWEAR--
HE PEEES
MORE THAN A
PREGNANT
WOMAN.

YES, ALL IS RIGHT IN THE
ALLEYS AGAIN. NO
POLICE HARASSMENT.
NO F.B.I. RUNNING
AROUND LIKE HYPER-
ACTIVE CHILDREN. NO
ONE FROM THE OUTSIDE
IS BOTHERING THESE
OUTCASTS.

BURP!

THAT
FELT
GOOD.



HEY GRANDPA! A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME, PLEASE!

KHKK!



UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE DISSENTING FACTIONS ON THE INSIDE.

WE'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT WHAT A HOTSHOT YOUR SPAWNIE-GUY IS. SO ME AND THE BOYS WOULD LIKE TO SHARE SOMETHING...

SNIKT

... HE'S **NOTHIN'!**
Y'HEAR?!
NOTHIN'!

PAUL CATCHES SIGHT OF THE RUSTY BLADE OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE. HE WETS HIMSELF ON THE SPOT.



WE DON'T NEED HIS HELP. OUR BOSS CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF-- BIG TIME.

SO YOU TELL YOUR LITTLE HERO THAT IF IT'S A TURF WAR HE'S LOOKING FOR, THEN HE'S PUSHING THE WRONG GUYS.

UMPF!

SWAK!

TELL HIM TO MOVE BACK 15 BLOCKS. AND IF HE DON'T...

"... IT'S GONNA GET BLOODY!"



ELSEWHERE:

IT'S ONLY HIS SECOND DAY BACK AT THE OFFICE, BUT **TERRY FITZGERALD** THINKS HE MIGHT BE RUSHING THINGS. HIS HANDS ARE STILL NOT COMPLETELY HEALED, NOR ARE HIS CRACKED RIBS. AS A MATTER OF FACT, ALMOST ANY MOVE HE MAKES HURTS, AS A RESULT OF HIS RECENT RUN-IN WITH NEARLY EVERY **POLICING ORGANIZATION** IN EXISTENCE. *

STILL, HE THOUGHT WORK MIGHT BE GOOD THERAPY WHILE HE SORTED OUT EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW WEEKS.

ONE MATTER FOR CONCERN: HE HAD BEEN THREATENED ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS BY THOSE WITHIN HIS OWN AGENCY. WOULD HIS RETURN TO THE OFFICE BE MET WITH RESISTANCE?

ADMIT IT, TERRY, THINGS ARE **WRONG**. EVERYONE'S ACTING LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED.

NO MURDERS.
NO MANHUNT.
NO COPS.
NOTHING.

ON THE OTHER HAND, PEOPLE WON'T LOOK ME IN THE **EYE**. SOMEBODY IS BREATHING DOWN ON THEM, HEAVY. IT'S GOING TO BE HARD TO GET ANY ANSWERS.

BUT I'VE **GOT** TO KNOW WHY ALL OF THIS HAPPENED. THEN I'LL--

HEY, GOOD LOOKIN'-- NEED SOME HELP?

WANDA!

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

WHAT
I SHOULD
HAVE
DONE
A LONG
TIME
AGO.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

IT'S TIME I
PAID ATTENTION
TO WHAT YOU DO FOR
A LIVING. I WANT TO
KNOW WHAT YOU
REALLY DO.
AND WHY.

BUT I
THOUGHT...

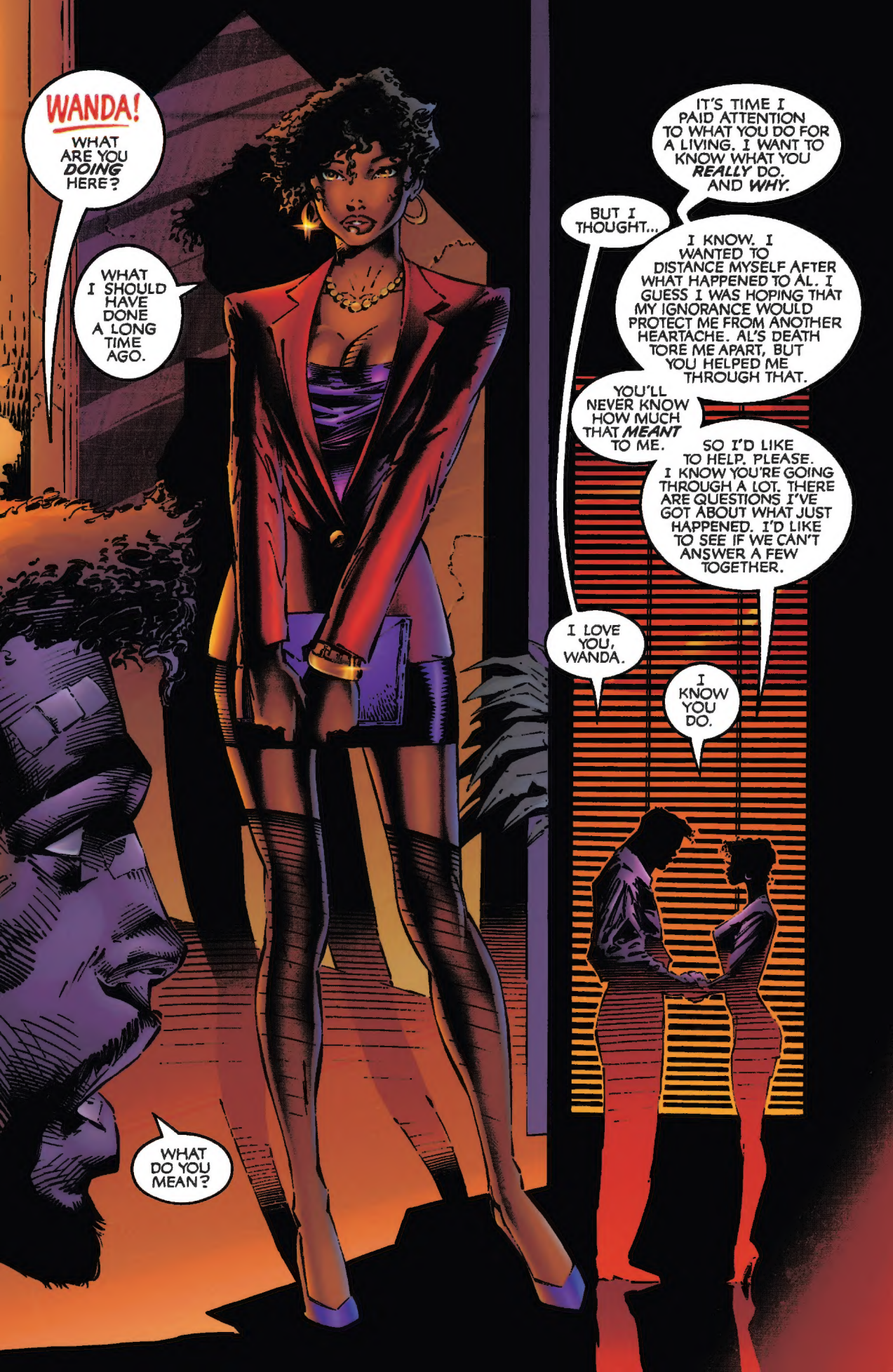
I KNOW. I
WANTED TO
DISTANCE MYSELF AFTER
WHAT HAPPENED TO AL. I
GUESS I WAS HOPING THAT
MY IGNORANCE WOULD
PROTECT ME FROM ANOTHER
HEARTACHE. AL'S DEATH
TORE ME APART, BUT
YOU HELPED ME
THROUGH THAT.

YOU'LL
NEVER KNOW
HOW MUCH
THAT *MEANT*
TO ME.

SO I'D LIKE
TO HELP, PLEASE.
I KNOW YOU'RE GOING
THROUGH A LOT. THERE
ARE QUESTIONS I'VE
GOT ABOUT WHAT JUST
HAPPENED. I'D LIKE
TO SEE IF WE CAN'T
ANSWER A FEW
TOGETHER.

I LOVE
YOU,
WANDA.

I
KNOW
YOU
DO.



DRY, ROTTING BOARDS SHATTER AFTER A QUICK FORCEFUL KICK. THIS DENIZEN OF THE SHADOWLANDS IS ANXIOUS TO BRAG TO HIS LEADER. TELL HIM THAT HE'S DONE HIS DUTY.

AS A GRUNT IN 'CHARLIE' COMPANY IN VIETNAM, DAVID BREWI THRIVED. NOW, NEARLY TWO DECADES LATER, THE SHELL-SHOCKED VET CARRIES ON THE LIFESTYLE OF A WAR LONG OVER.

THERE YOU ARE.


I PROCEEDED INTO SECTOR 12, LIKE YOU SAID. INFORMED THE ENEMY OF OUR STATUS AND REQUESTED THEIR IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL.

I ALSO MADE THREATS AND SLAPPED HIM UP A BIT.

BOSS!
YOU IN HERE?

THEY SEEM VERY LOYAL TO THEIR COMMANDER. HE'S OBVIOUSLY GIVEN THEM A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY.

YOU'VE DONE WELL, DAVID.



A FEW
MORE PIECES
OF THE PUZZLE,
AND I'LL HAVE
ALL I NEED.

THEN,
I'LL BE ABLE
TO BRING THAT
FAT PIG
GRAVANO
TO HIS
KNEES!

I'VE WAITED
LONG ENOUGH!
SOON... **VERY**
SOON... I'M GOING
TO NAIL THAT
MAFIA
SCUMBAG!

PLEASE,
BOSS.

DO YOU
HEAR
ME?!

CRASH!

NOT
OVERTKILL.

NOT
SPAWN.

NOT
GOD.

NOTHING'S
GOING TO
SAVE VITO!

TELL THE
BOYS THAT
AFTER THEY CLEAR
SPAWN AND HIS
GANG OFF MY TURF
I WANT A
MEETING WITH
THEIR SO-CALLED
HERO...

... 'CAUSE
HE HAS
SOMETHING I
NEED!

Gasp!

KRIK
SKUTTLE
KRIK
CRATTLE

SPAWN.

HE'S ACCEPTED THE NAME.
OUT OF NECESSITY.

HIS NEW TITLE IS, FOR THE FIRST TIME, PUBLIC
KNOWLEDGE. HE HAD TRIED TO AVOID CONTACT
WITH THE 'REAL' WORLD, INSTEAD BIDDING HIS TIME
IN THE SHADOWS OF MANHATTAN'S BACK STREETS.

THAT DIDN'T WORK.

ALL HE WANTED WAS TO SEE HIS
WIFE. TO RETURN TO HIS ONE
TRUE LOVE. INSTEAD, HE'S
BEEN HUNTED. A DEAD
MAN FROM HELL
DOES NOT PASS
UNNOTICED.

SO, INSTEAD OF
RECAPTURING HIS PAST
LIFE, HE'S MERELY BEEN
AVOIDING IT, LOOKING
TO SOLVE THE UNWANTED
SITUATIONS THAT HAVE
FOLLOWED HIM INTO
THE ALLEYS.

NOW, THAT HAS BACKFIRED.

HE BROUGHT UNDUE HARM TO HIS
WIFE THROUGH HIS OWN CARELESS
ACTIONS. RATHER THAN BEING
PROTECTED, SHE WAS ALMOST
KILLED.*

HE WON'T ALLOW THAT AGAIN.

*SEE RECENT
ISSUES -- Tom

SO HE VOWS TO
REFOCUS.

TO SORT OUT THIS
ABOMINABLE
EXCUSE FOR A
LIFE.

I WAS
A FOOL.

YET NOW, AS A
MESSIAH AMONG
THE FORGOTTEN,
HE'S BECOME A
BEACON OF HOPE
IN THEIR DARKEST
HOURS.

AL!
YOU'VE
GOTTA
HEAR
THIS!

NO, I
DON'T.

IT'S TIME
YOU LEARNED
TO SOLVE
YOUR OWN
PROBLEMS.

BUT,
YOU DON'T
UNDER-
STAND!

YES I
DO!!

YOU PEOPLE
HAVE
BECOME **LAZY!**
ALWAYS TURNING
TO ME FOR HELP.
WELL, I DON'T
HAVE THE
ANSWERS.

I CAN'T
SOLVE
ALL
YOUR
PROBLEMS.

I'VE GOT
A FEW OF
MY OWN.

DEAR
GOD, AL!
WE DIDN'T
ASK FOR THIS!
THEY WANT
YOU, NOT
US!

TELL
WHOEVER
IT IS I'M NOT
INTERESTED.

BUT
AL...

ENGULFED BY THE
DARKNESS, HE
LEAVES BEHIND AN
INNOCENT, SOON
TO BE A CANDIDATE
FOR THE CROSSFIRE.



ZIPPITY-
DO-DAH!

munch
munch
munch

ZIPPITY-
MAY!

MY,
AREN'T WE
IN A RATHER
FESTIVE
MOOD,
SIR.

YOU
BETCHA,
TWITCH!

AND
I CAN
SEE
WHY.

IT MUST BE
THE FACT THAT OUR
PRIME SUSPECT *ESCAPED*
FROM US. OR MAYBE IT'S
THAT OUR FELLOW OFFICERS
TRIED TO STEAL OUR CASE.

NO! NO! IT MUST BE THAT WE
HAVE **NO SOLID**
LEADS IN OUR SEARCH
FOR THIS **SPAWN.**


AM I
GETTING
WARM,
SIR?

GOD, I
LOVE YOUR
SARCASM,
TWITCH.

NOPE, LI'L
BUDDY. IT'S THIS
FILE. * I'VE GOT
INFO ON THAT BUGGER
CHIEF BANKS THAT'LL
CRIPPLE HIM--

-- AND
THAT BRINGS
A WARM SPOT
TO MY HEART.

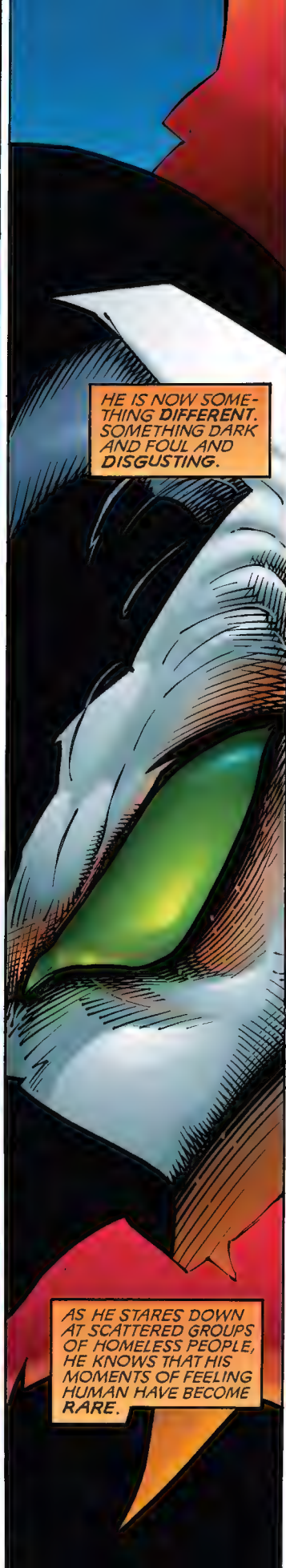
* LAST ISSUE -- Tom.



THE AIR BEGINS TO THICKEN AS THE EARLY MORNING HOURS PASS AWAY.

HE CAME HERE TO REST. TO THINK.

IN HIS FORMER LIFE HE FOUGHT AND KILLED FOR WHAT HE BELIEVED IN. BUT THAT WAS ANOTHER AL SIMMONS. HE TELLS HIMSELF.




HE IS NOW SOMETHING DIFFERENT. SOMETHING DARK AND FOUL AND DISGUSTING.

AS HE STARES DOWN AT SCATTERED GROUPS OF HOMELESS PEOPLE, HE KNOWS THAT HIS MOMENTS OF FEELING HUMAN HAVE BECOME RARE.



SO HE MUST SEIZE THOSE MOMENTS

DEFEND HIS BELIEFS. ACT LIKE A MAN.



STAND AGAINST
THOSE WHO
WOULD OPPOSE
HIM.

IT'S A TURF WAR.
PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

ANSWERS TO
HIS INQUIRIES
COME EASILY.

TIME HE
MARKED HIS
TERRITORY.



YOU
WANTED
TO
TALK?

NOT
EXACTLY!



KSH!

unh?



KRUNG

**PLY-
WOOD
?!**

**SHOW YOUR-
SELF...
COWARD!**



HERE I AM,
DEMON.

YOU
WON'T HAVE
TO PUSH
THE OLD GUYS
AROUND
ANYMORE.

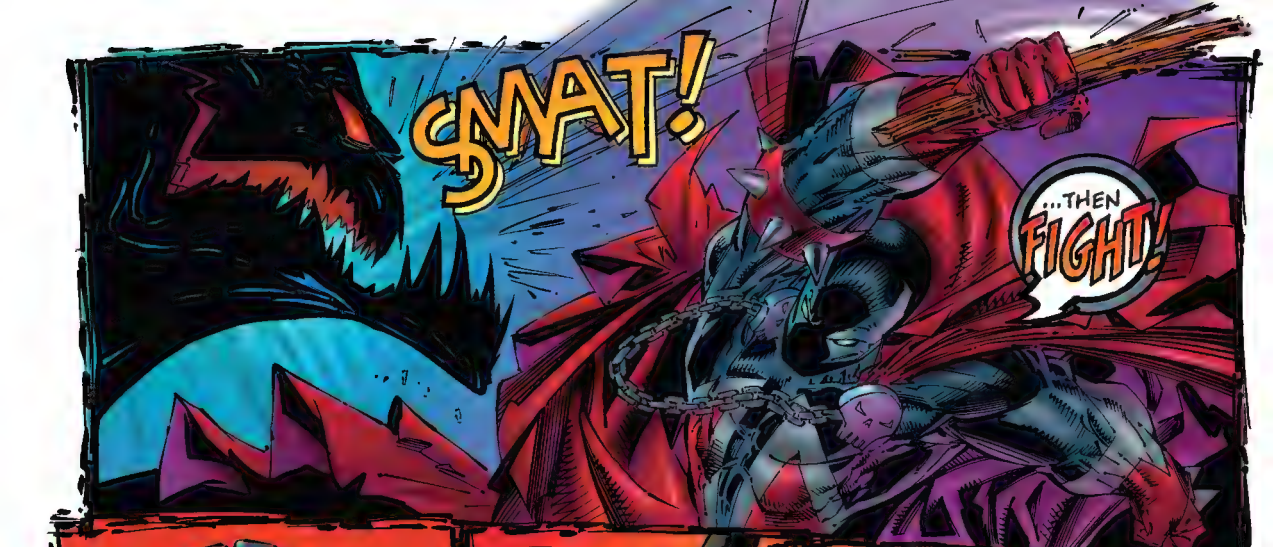
IDIOT.
I DON'T CARE
ABOUT **YOUR**
PEOPLE **OR**
MINE!
IT'S **YOU** I
WANT!

TELL ME
WHAT YOU KNOW
ABOUT VITO G.
AND WHY HE'S
AFTER YOU
SO BAD.

THAT MAN
DOESN'T GET
PERSONALLY
INVOLVED IN
SOMEONE UNLESS
THEY KNOW
THINGS THEY
SHOULDN'T.

WHAT
THE HELL
DOES THAT
HAVE TO DO
WITH THE
ALLEYS?!

YOU WANT
A FIGHT...

A comic book panel showing Spawn, a character with a red cape and black armor, holding a whip over a screaming figure. The background is dark and jagged.


SNAAT!

...THEN
FIGHT!

A comic book panel showing Spawn's head and shoulders, surrounded by chains. He has a determined expression.

JUST
LEAVE
MY PEOPLE
ALONE!

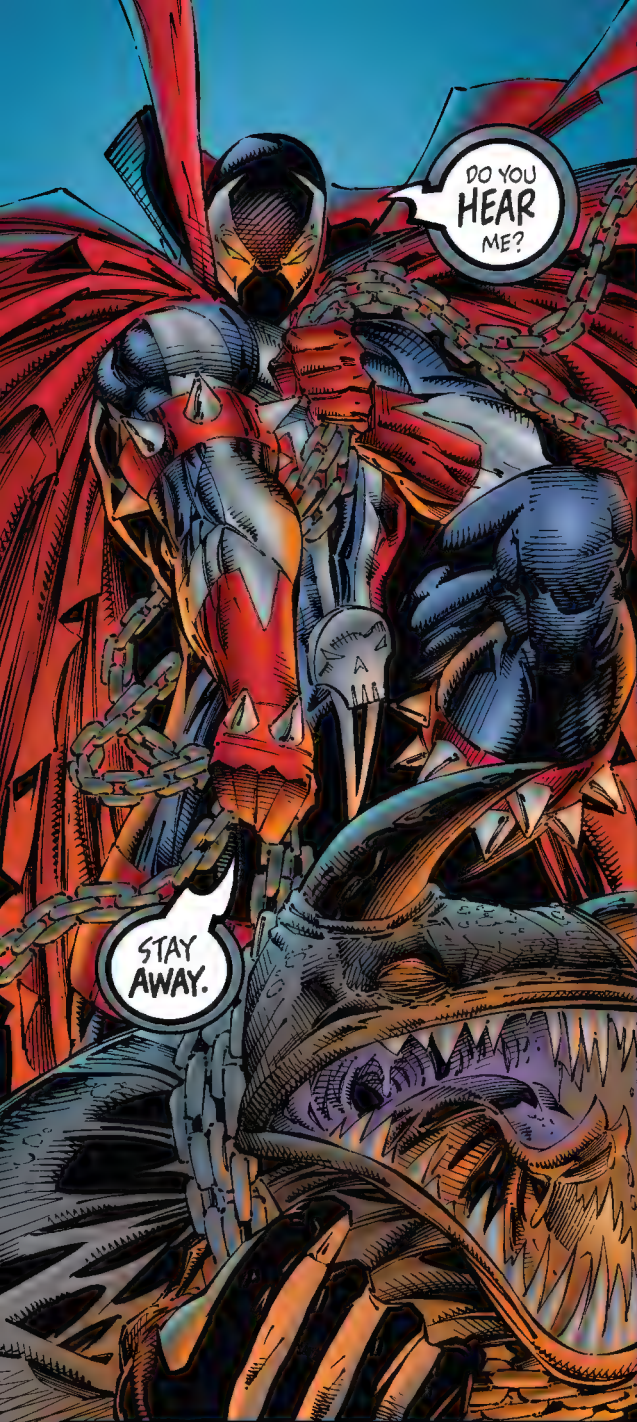
GKUKK

A comic book panel showing Spawn's head and shoulders, surrounded by chains. He has a determined expression.

PROTECTING
THEIR MASTER,
CHAINS SNAP
AND ENSNARE
THE BEAST.

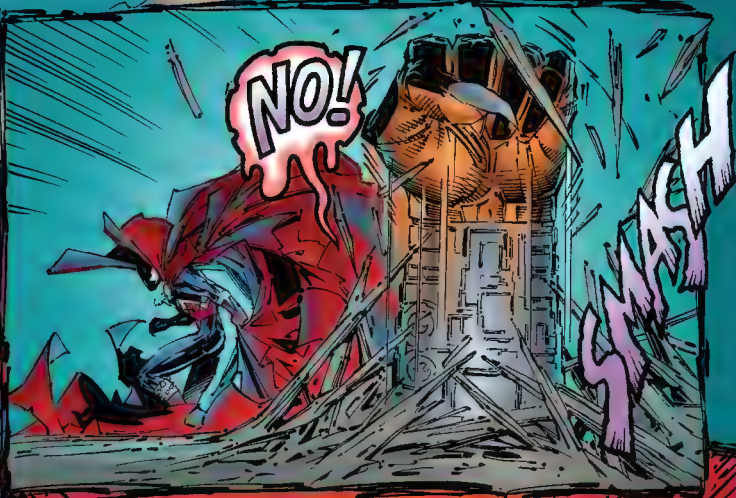
NOW SPAWN
USES HIS
MILITARY
SKILLS
TO GAIN
ADVANTAGE.

THERE SHOULD
BE NO NEED
TO DEplete HIS
POWERS.





THE SCENE GOES QUIET BUT FOR SCURRYING RATS AND THE FLAPPING OF CRIMSON CLOTH. IT SEEMS THIS DISPUTE HAS BEEN SETTLED.



NO!

SMASH



A BIO-MECHANICAL APPENDAGE, EXTENDED TWO-FOLD, RETRACTS IN A BLINK.

KLAK!

YOU LISTEN GOOD! I'M GOING TO NAIL THAT PIG VITO-- AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP!



?

IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT-- SOME PERSONAL VENDETTA?

I DON'T CARE! YOU WANT GRAVANO, FINE.

BUT WHAT'S WITH THIS TURF WAR CRAP?

A
DIVERSION.

"IT WASN'T LONG AGO THAT VITO FORCED ME TO BE HIS GUINEA PIG. HE WANTED THE PERFECT HITMAN."

"I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO BE EMPLOYED BY HIM AT THE TIME."

"THREATS TO MY FAMILY WERE NOT MADE CASUALLY."

"TO PROTECT THEM, I AGREED TO THEIR HIGH-TECH *BUTCHERY*. THEY WANTED TO FUSE FLESH AND METAL."

"BUT SOMEONE SCREWED UP."

"THE COMBINATION OF CHEMICALS, MICROSURGERY, WHO KNOWS *WHAT* SORT OF RADIATION AND ANTI-REJECTION DRUGS TRANSFORMED ME."

VITO AND HIS CARTEL ARE *INTRIGUED* BY YOU, SPAWN. THAT KIND OF INTEREST CAN GET YOU *KILLED*.

YOU CALLED ME A DEMON. I COULD ONLY *WISH*.

"A FEW DAYS LATER I ESCAPED MY IMPRISONMENT."

I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY...



A large, detailed illustration of Spawn, a character with a black and white mask, a red cape, and a red and black suit. He is bound by thick metal chains. He has a menacing expression with glowing yellow eyes. The background is a dark, stormy sky with jagged, dark clouds. A large, dark, winged figure is visible in the upper right corner.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER.

BUT THIS
MIGHT.

IT CONTAINS
EVERYTHING I
HAVE ON VITO. I
HAVEN'T READ IT ALL
BUT THERE'S
PLENTY IN HERE
TO BUST HIS
BALLS.

WHERE'D
IT COME
FROM?

HIS
ACCOUNTANT*
VITO HAD HIM
ELIMINATED. YOU'D
BE DOING BOTH OF
US A FAVOR IF
YOU SWATTED
HIM HARD.

THANKS,
SPAWN. I'LL
GIVE YOU A
LOWDOWN WHEN
I'M *THROUGH*
WITH HIM.

I'LL BE
AROUND.

SPAWN
PAUSES
TO THINK.

FOR ALL HIS POWER,
THIS CREATURE SEEMED
AS TORTURED AS SPAWN
HIMSELF... AND SEEMS AS
WILLING TO GO TO ANY
LENGTHS TO ACHIEVE
HIS GOALS.

IS THIS CRAZED
BEING FRIEND
OR FOE... OR
SOMETHING
IN BETWEEN...?





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE